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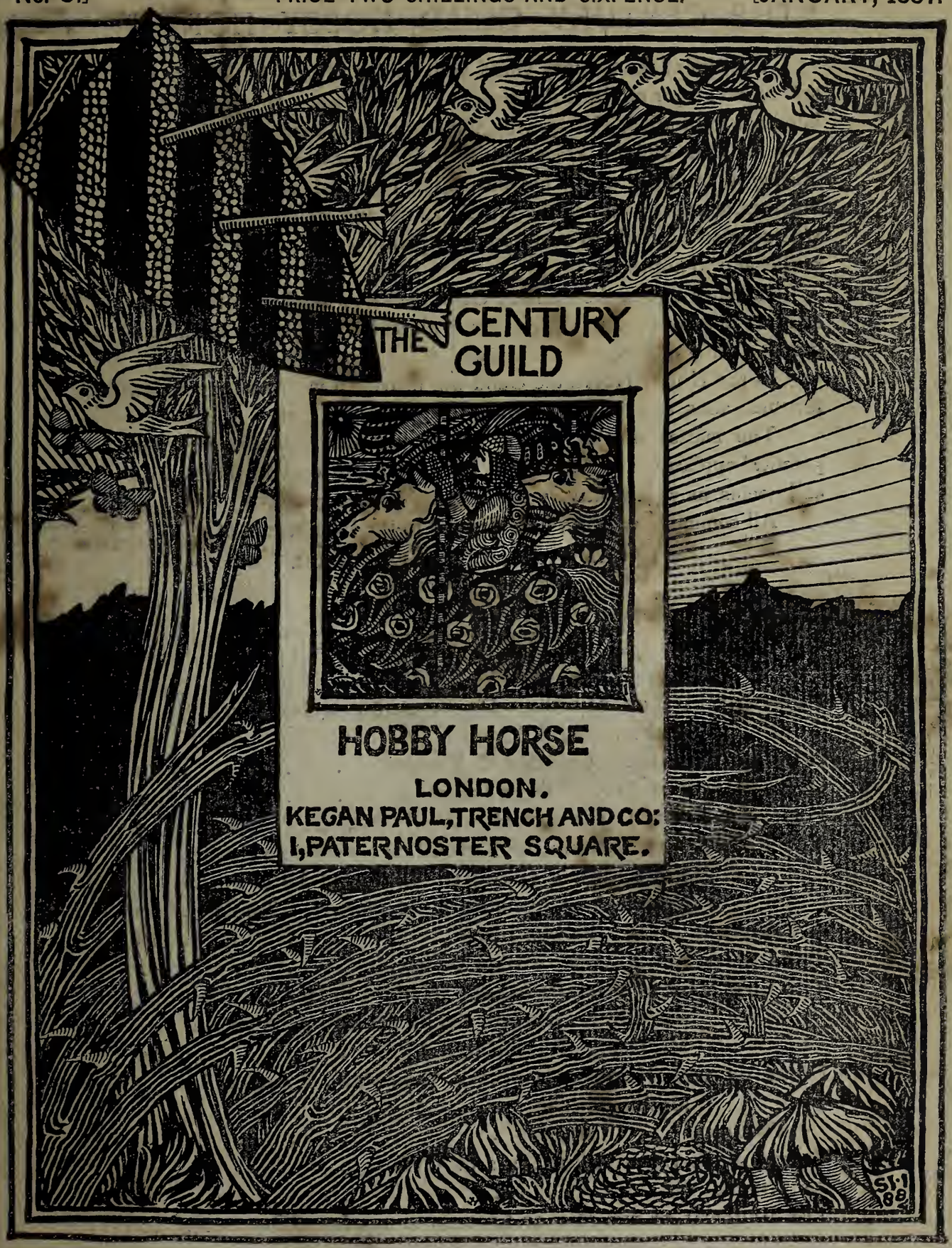

"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art;* and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life; but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

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THE ANGEL OF DEATH CROWNING INNOCENCE.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Whoso hears a chiming for Christmas at the nighest,
Hears a sound like Angels chanting in their glee,
Hears a sound like palm boughs waving in the highest,
Hears a sound like ripple of a crystal sea.

Sweeter than a prayer-bell for a saint in dying,
Sweeter than a death-bell for a saint at rest,
Music struck in Heaven with earth's faint replying
"Life is good, and death is good, for Christ is Best."

Christina G. Rossetti.

ON THE UNITY OF ART.

"THE Century Guild Hobby Horse" has now been in existence for just a year. One reflects that in these hard days, and amidst the struggle of innumerable magazines to win or keep their favour with us, this is something upon which the editors may be genuinely congratulated, and exhorted to see that they lose not the gods' goodwill through any failure in returning humble thanks. At least I will here venture on this congratulatory exhortation: especially as they do me the compliment of asking me for a short note in this New Year number of theirs,—a short note on that particular principle, which all along they have had such urgent concern over, the Unity of Art.

In a moment or two I will explain what it is that this expression means. But I may remark to start with, that nobody, who has ever been brought even slightly into connection with the Century Guild, but must have heard it not once nor twice. Scarcely should I be exaggerating if I said, that it was to preach this principle and to carry it out in practice, that the Century Guild and the "Century Guild Hobby Horse" were brought into existence. Whenever my fortunate steps lead me to that charming room in Southampton Street, Strand, where the Guild is centrally established, I seem to see written over the entrance this short confession, *Credo in unam Artem, multipartitam, indivisibilem.* Not indeed, I am sure, that the members of the Guild would wish me to claim for them the invention of a new

principle : for anything so absurd as that they are far too modest and too truthful : but as one who owes them many an obligation, and who yet is not formally of their number, I can say plainly, that this principle of theirs they began to preach and work upon four years ago : and four years ago,—(it is a fairly long time in these quickly shifting days)—people were not as familiar as they are just now with the principle : though even now to what multitudes is it still unfamiliar !

But my note cannot be a long one : and I am writing it not to flatter the Century Guild, but to explain, as simply as I can, what it is they mean by the Unity of Art : so with this little preliminary flourish of praise, which really I have been unable to resist at this season of congratulations, I say no more about them, and pass on to the matter in hand.

I am not posing as a prophet when I say, how likely it is that before very long this principle of the Unity of Art will be one upon which many of us will have to make up our minds for practical issues. Before we are brought into judgment it is well to recollect ourselves. To have a question suddenly sprung on you, to have the question of a deep and wide-reaching principle—especially in a matter so delicate as Art—suddenly sprung on you, is extremely confusing. Few of us are of such heroic make that we can be equal to the call, and see quite round the matter and into the heart of it, and pass a secure judgment all at the moment. We say this, or we say that; we act this way, or we act that way; but by-and-bye there comes quiet, and with quiet comes reflection, and with reflection a deplorable sense that we have spoken and acted wrongly. Repentance is fortunately possible in many cases : that brilliant moralist "The Pall Mall Gazette" told us a few days ago, that it is better to climb down your tree even

amid humiliating publicity, than to stay up it : but it is better still, if there is no tree up which you find yourself. And very often a little thought, while things are only in the air, will save us.

Now, when in this paper we are talking about Art, let it be understood that, though we are going to use Art with a meaning which embraces more things than popularly it has the credit for embracing, we are not going to use it with a meaning which embraces all that it might. Music is Art, Acting is Art, Dancing is Art, Literature is Art : all these things are Art in the proper sense ; and all these act and react one on the other intimately : *Credo in unam Artem, multipartitam, indivisibilem.* But we are not going to talk about Literature, or Dancing, or Acting, or Music just now, because the conditions we are under lay some limits on us. *Credo in unam Artem indivisibilem,*—yes : but also *multipartitam* : and the particular aspect of Art, to which our conditions limit us, is the aspect in which it has only to do with the pictorial and plastic representation of things.

With this limitation then, which yet leaves us, heaven knows! space enough to range over and lose ourselves in, what is it that we mean, when we talk about the Unity of Art ?

Definitions are proverbially difficult things : definitions in matters of extreme delicacy, one may say of intangibility, such as Religion and Art, are extremely difficult things : nay, you may really say, that if in such matters you have set yourself on defining with such inevitable accuracy, that you will cover every spot and outlet of the ground, so that nobody can escape or attack you,—you have set yourself to something that is impossible. Language is a subtle thing : but thought and emotion are things subtler still, in comparison with which the subtlest language seems indeed clumsy. We open our

eyes then full on the difficulty; and knowing to start with that impregnable we shall never be, set ourselves to explain what we mean by the Unity of Art with as much distinctness as our powers, and the nature of the case allow us.

For practical purposes then,—and it is with practical issues in my mind that I am writing,—we mean, when we talk about the Unity of Art, *this:* we mean that all kinds of invented Form, and Tone, and Colour are alike true and honourable aspects of Art, whatever the material or purpose may be which employs them. We mean, that the man, who is engaged in this invention, is an Artist; and that his work can only be dealt with properly, when it is dealt with for what it is, Art-work.

If this explanation,—perhaps after all we do more safely in speaking of it not as a definition, but as an explanation,—if this explanation is a true one, and if the principle itself is a true principle, how many things we shall have to deal with as true and honourable pieces of Art, which in modern times have not been popularly so dealt with! No one, for example, doubts that Raphael painting the Madonna di San Sisto is *ipso facto* an artist: but how many of us would feel quite secure in saying, that the unknown inventor of patterns to decorate a wall or a water-pot was also *ipso facto* an artist? Do I compare him with Raphael? If you mean, do I think that, so far as treating him as an artist equally with Raphael goes, he is to be compared?—I certainly shall answer, yes. That the one employs himself in representing the human form and the highest human interests, while the other employs himself in representing abstract lines and masses, this, so far as the claim to being an artist goes, makes no difference. For our principle is, that all kinds of invented Form, and Tone, and Colour, are alike true and honourable

aspects of Art, whatever the material or purpose may be which employs them. I repeat in italics the expression, *alike true and honourable aspects.* You will observe that word *alike.* I do not say, alike true and *equally* honourable aspects: that is not so: but that they are alike true and alike honourable, this is what we believe.

I understand that the Editors of the Hobby Horse in asking me to write this note, are asking me to say plainly what it is that one means by this principle of Unity, not to enter upon the metaphysical and historical grounds, which lead one to believe in it. I should not shrink from that task any more than I shrink from this: but it is not the task laid upon me at the moment; and so here at least I have nothing to do with it. And perhaps there are quite a number of us, who will find it sufficient for immediate purposes to think over what we mean without troubling themselves as to why we mean it. For when you begin to realize, that all kinds of invented Form, and Tone, and Colour, are alike true and honourable aspects of Art, you see something very much like a revolution looming ahead of you. For indeed this realization of the thing has not yet gone very far with us. The popular use of terms is an index of popular thought. Now the popular use of the term "artist" means, and means only, a picture-painter. That is to say, in the popular mind of Englishmen Art and the painting of pictures are exactly synonymous. I was hearing only a week ago of a distinguished painter, still spared to us, who persistently maintained that Art was oil-painting, and that oil-painting was Art: and when it was suggested to him that possibly sculpture was Art as well, he was astonished at the impertinence. And yet perhaps this distinguished person might have sheltered himself not illogically behind a distinguished body—behind the Royal Academy: of whom indeed I desire to say nothing irreverent;

but only that they very accurately represent the ordinary Englishman's view upon the matter—that Art is picture-painting. For the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, about which we are all annually so eager in asking one another whether we have been to it, is most properly described, when we say that it is the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Oil-paintings: for though there are other things exhibited there, as a little Sculpture for example, and some Architectural drawings, these are only appendages to the main business, about which neither Academicians nor their visitors feel bound to much trouble themselves. One should not wish to say this with sarcasm, or bitterly, or to work oneself into an eloquent passion over it. In innumerable cases things are after all what they are, because it has been impossible for them to be otherwise. In innumerable cases therefore we do well to restrain ourselves, and to be content with laying a quiet finger on the thing that is wrong,—content with calling attention to it, and to some of its consequences, if there is opportunity,—but by all means without bluster. And so I would say, that when a man comes to believe in the Unity of Art, as I have been trying to explain it, he will no doubt be surprised, when he is brought face to face with a National Institution for the encouragement of Art, where there are so many forms of Art almost, it would seem, undreamed of. He will think it curious, that all the years, and funds, and eloquent after-dinner speeches of individuals distinguished in Church and State have gone by, and left men content with so little. But he will, if he is a sound-minded person, not tear his hair or rage finely: but quietly he will say what he thinks, and explain his difficulties, when the times come: and live on in the faith that "salvation draweth nigh."

And indeed the old content is not quite what it was. I take it to

be as significant a sign for English Art as any that has appeared for many a long day, when sixty or seventy men come together, as they came together a week or two since in Chelsea,—sixty or seventy men, among whom the picture-painters were in a secure majority,—and say out with great determination that there can be no National Exhibition of Art, in which all its forms have not their proper representation. There are still many of us, who may smile at these revolutionists, or pass them over contemptuously: but the future lies not with us who smile and are content, perhaps; the future may lie with them. Not easily do old prejudices die, nor the scales fall off men's eyes. Not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day following do just thoughts win their dominion over us; but, except where there is only decay, at last they do win. And who knows but that it may be in a near future, in a day of rejuvenescence and salubrity already beginning to break, when as little shall we think of leaving the business-manufacturer to look after our decorations in Tottenham Court Road, as we think now of leaving him to look after the charming pictures of our Academicians?

SELWYN IMAGE.

"LIKE THE DAYS OF AN HIRELING."

I CANNOT hold the days, they are not mine;
  I may not fill them with the prayer of toil:
They pass as dead men that, in death, divine
  Their saving souls, long lost in the world's broil.
They fly, they fly before God's face, ah me!
Even where the avenger's feet have been and yet shall be.

They go between an east and summer west;
  They go as ghosts, looking for that last day,
Impatient ever of their present rest;
  They go 'twixt hope and fear alway, alway,
Flying, flying before God's face. Alas,
The avenger's feet have past and yet again must pass!

HERBERT P. HORNE.

LA ROSE DE L'INFANTE, FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES," DONE INTO ENGLISH PROSE.

IN 1878, when Anne Gilchrist was staying at Philadelphia, in constant intercourse with Walt Whitman, she translated into English prose some nine or ten of the pieces of Victor Hugo's "Legend of the Ages," and read them to Mr. Whitman, who, as I am told, heard them with an unfeigned admiration. It is from these translations that we have selected the present version of the "Rose of the Infanta."

Those of our readers who have read the Life of William Blake, and to whom the beautiful close of its second volume, the Memoir of Alexander Gilchrist, is more than a mere record of facts, will, I think, especially welcome it, apart from any value it may possess, from the justness of its rendering, as a "new acquist" of the authoress of that relation. Yet this is but a little contribution. The letters and essays of this remarkable woman are shortly to be published, of whom it may be well said, in the words she used of another, that to a nature like hers "the cup of life is full of fine flavours."

THE EDITOR.

THE ROSE OF THE INFANTA.

THE ROSE OF THE INFANTA.

She is a mere child; a duenna is taking care of her. She holds a rose in her hand and looks—at what? what is she looking at? She scarcely knows. The water, a fountain shaded by the pine and the birch, all this is before her, a swan with white wings, the rocking of the waves beneath the song of the boughs, and the radiant, blossoming, boundless garden. This beautiful angel seems formed of snow. See, a great palace standing as in a glory, a park, clear pools where the hinds come to drink, and starry peacocks beneath long-tressed woods are there. The whiteness of innocence makes her fairness more fair; her graces are like a sheaf of quivering rays. The very grass around this child has splendour, and seems full of fine rubies and diamonds; from the lips of dolphins a stream of sapphires flows.

She stands by the water's brim, busied with her flower; her basquine is of point lace from Genoa; on her petticoat an arabesque, straying 'mid the folds of the satin, follows the devious windings of a thread of Florentine gold. The unfolding, full spreading rose which rises from the fresh bud as from a green urn, sets off the exquisite smallness of her hand. When the child, with crimson lips reached out, wrinkles her laughing nostrils as she breathes in its perfume, the superb, regal, crimson flower half hides the charming face; so that the eye is perplexed between the flower and the beautiful playful child, and knows not which is rose-leaf and which cheek. The dark eyebrows make more lovely her blue eyes. She is all joy, enchantment, perfume. What sweet looks have the blue eyes! What a sweet name, Marie! All sunbeams; her eyes give light, her name

is a prayer. In the presence of life and beneath the firmament, poor little one! she feels herself vaguely great; she bestows her presence on the spring, the light, the shade, on the great sun setting on the cloudy horizon, the dazzling splendours of evening, the murmuring streams heard but unseen, on the fields, on serene, ever-during nature, with the gravity of a little queen. Never has she seen a man but bowing down; one day she will be Duchess of Brabant, she will govern Flanders or Sardinia. She is the Infanta, five years old, disdainful, for so are the children of kings. On their white brows is a circle of shadow, and their tottering steps are the beginnings of rule. She inhales the breath of her flower, waiting till they pluck her an empire; and already her royal looks say "It is mine." From her emanates love mingled with vague terror. He who seeing her so trembling, so fragile, should lay his hand on her, were it but to save her, would have the shadow of the scaffold on his brow ere he could move or speak.

The gentle child smiles; having naught else to do save live and hold in her hand the rose, and be there beneath the heavens, amid the flowers.

The day wanes; from the nests quarrellers come chattering; purple hues of sunset are on the branches of the trees; crimson tints strike on the brows of the marble goddesses, who seem palpitating at the approach of night; all soaring things alight; no sounds, no glare; mysterious evening gathers the sun beneath the wave, and the bird beneath the leaf.

Whilst the child smiles, with the flower in her hand, in the vast Roman Catholic palace, whose every ogee shines like a mitre in the sun, a terrible form is behind the panes. A shadow seen from below as in a mist, wanders from window to window, and one is afraid of it;

sometimes this shadow stands motionless the whole day in one spot, like a shade in a burial-ground. The dread creature is as though he sees naught; he roams from room to room, pale and dark; he presses his white face against the window-panes, and muses; pallid spectre! His shadow lengthens in the evening glow; his funeral step is slow as the knell from a belfry; it is Death, if it be not the King.

It is he; the man in whom lives and trembles the kingdom. If we could look into the eyes of the dark phantom standing at this moment with his shoulder against the wall, we should see in its dim depths, not the little child, the garden, the rippling water reflecting the golden heavens of a clear evening, the woods, the birds billing together: no, in those eyes clear as the glassy wave, unfathomable as ocean, sheltered beneath ominous brows, we should behold a moving mirage, a whole flock of ships flying before the wind, the vast trembling motion of a fleet in full sail 'mid the foam, the undulating waves beneath the stars, and in the mist, afar off, an island, a white cliff listening for the approach, over the waves, of the thunder.

Such is the vision now filling the frigid brain of this master of men, so that he perceives naught around him. The Armada, the formidable, moving fulcrum of the lever with which he is to over-turn a world, journeys at this instant over the dim waves; the King follows it with the eyes of his soul, a victor; his tragic ennui has no other glimmer of relief. Philip the Second was a thing of terror. Eblis in the Koran, Cain in the Bible are scarce so black as was this royal phantom in his Escurial, son of a like imperial phantom. Philip the Second was the Evil One, wielding a sword. He filled the high places of the world as a dream. He lived: none dared look at him; fear made a strange light around the King; men trembled merely to

see his major-domos pass; their bewildered eyes confound him with the abyss, and with the stars of blue heaven! So nearly, in the eyes of all men, did he rival God! His fateful will, overwhelming, obstinate, was as a cramping-iron upon Destiny; he held America and India; he leaned upon Africa, he ruled over Europe, only in the direction of sombre England was he uneasy. His mouth was silence and his soul mystery; his throne was built on snares and frauds; the powers of darkness were his support: like a statue, he sat horsed on gloom. Always clad in black, this Almighty of the earth looked as if in mourning for having to exist. He was like the sphinx who endures and is silent, immutable; being himself All, he had no need of words. Never had this king been seen to smile. A smile was as impossible to those lips of iron as dawn to the dark gates of hell. If sometimes he shook off his adder-like torpor, it was to help the executioner in his task: the gleam in his eyes was reflected from the pyres his breath sometimes fanned. He was a terror to thought, to man, to life, to progress, to the right, he the devotee of Rome; Satan reigning in the name of Jesus Christ: the things which issued from his dark soul were like the sinister glidings of vipers. The Escurial, Burgos, Aranjuez, his haunts, never illuminated their ghostly halls. No festivals, no court, no buffoons; treachery for sport, auto-da-fé for festival. Kings perplexed saw in the night his projects darkly unfolded above their heads; his reverie was a weight upon the universe. He had the power and the will to conquer all things, break up all things; his prayers went up with the hollow sound of a thunderbolt; lightnings flashed from his deep dreams. Those who were in his thoughts said to themselves: "We are being strangled." And the people, from one end of his empire to the other, trembled as they felt his gleaming eyes fixed on them.

Charles was a vulture, Philip an owl.

As he stands there in gloomy black doublet with the order of the golden fleece round his neck, he is the rigid sentinel of destiny. His immobility commands, his eye shines like a crevice in the vault of a cavern; his finger makes a mysterious gesture as if writing a mandate to Darkness. O miracle! he smiles grimly, a bitter, an impenetrable smile. For the vision of his armament at sea grows more and more in his sombre thoughts; he beholds it sailing on urged by his purpose, as if he were there soaring at the zenith: all goes well, the docile ocean grows calm; the Armada awes it as the ark the deluge: the fleet spreads itself out in sailing order, and the ships keeping at fixed distances, a chess-board of masts and decks and rigging undulates on the waves like a great hurdle. These vessels are sacred, the waves make a hedge about them. The currents have their part to play in helping the ships to reach the shore, and do not fail; round about them the waves caressingly dash into spray, the reef changes to a harbour, the foam falls in pearls. Behold each galley with its gastadour; some from the Scheldt, some from the Adour; the hundred commandants and the two high constables. Germany sends her formidable cruisers, Naples her brigantines, Cadiz her galleons, Lisbon her seamen, for there is need of lions. Philip leans forward, what is distance to him? He not only sees, he hears. They move hither and thither. Hark to the sounds from the trumpets, the footsteps of the sailors on the decks, the mosços, the admiral leaning on his page, the drums, the boatswain's whistle, the sailing signals, the call to battle, the ominous sepulchral sound of the clearing of the decks. Are those cormorants? Are those citadels? The sails make a loud hollow sound like the beating of wings: the waters roar, and all the vast

fleet sails swiftly on, rolling, spreading itself with prodigious noise. And the gloomy King smiles to see assembled eighty thousand swords on four hundred ships. O savage grins of the vampire glutting his hunger. He grasps it at last, that white England! Who can save it? The match is put to the powder! Philip holds, of his own right, the sheaf of thunderbolts. Who can wrest it from his grasp? Is he not the sovereign lord whom none contradict? Is he not the heir of Cæsar? the Philip whose shadow stretches from the Ganges to Pausillippo? Is not the last word spoken when he says "It is my will"? Does he not hold victory by the hair of her head? Is it not he who has launched forth this fleet, these dread ships which he pilots, and does not the sea convey them as she ought? Are not these black-winged dragons, a countless flight of them, obedient to the beck of his little finger? Is he not the King? is he not the sombre man to whom this whirlwind of monsters submit?

When Cifresil Bey, son of Abdallah Bey, had dug the great wells of the mosque, at Cairo, he caused to be inscribed on them, "Heaven is God's; the earth is mine;" and as all things are linked, blended, related together, all tyrants being but different manifestations of one despot, what that sultan said of old, this king thought.

Meanwhile, by the fountain's margin, in silence, the Infanta still held the rose in her hand gravely, and sometimes, sweet blue-eyed angel, she kissed it. Suddenly a breath of air, a breeze such as the quivering evening flings over the plain, a riotous zephyr skimming the horizon, troubles the water, shakes the reeds, sends a shiver through the distant masses of myrtle and asphodel, reaches even to the beautiful peaceful child, and with one swift brush of its wing, shaking even the overshadowing tree roughly, scatters the petals of the flower into the fountain, and the Infanta has but a thorn left in her hand.

She bends over and sees this wreck upon the water; she cannot understand; how is it, then? She is afraid; she seeks in the sky with amaze this breeze which has dared to displease her, what shall she do? The fountain seems full of anger; so clear but a moment ago, it is black now; it has waves, it is a turbulent sea; the poor rose is all scattered on the waves; its hundred leaves wetted and tossed by the deep water, wrecked, whirled from side to side by a thousand wavelets the breeze stirred up. Is it a fleet foundering we behold? "Madam," said the duenna, with her dark face gloomy, to the pensive, bewildered child, "on the earth everything belongs to princes save the wind."

ANNE GILCHRIST.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"HAIL! Lady Mary," said Gabriel,
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
"God sends me now good news to tell."
"And what is the news, O Gabriel?"

"Lady Mary, God gives you grace;"
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
"For a child you shall bear within a space,
And look on God to His very face."

"Nay, Gabriel, how may this thing be,"
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
"Since there's never a man that knoweth me?"
Said Gabriel, "Sooth and you shall see."

The Lady Mary she bowed her head,
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
Nor ever an answer more she said,
Till all things were accomplishèd.

For the Lady Mary she bare her Son:
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
When the days' full course at last was run,
God's Self was born for her Little One.

Then the Lady Mary she wept and spake,
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
" I have borne my Child for the world's sake,
And the cruel world His life will take."

But the Lady Mary she laughed and said,
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
" My Child shall rise again from the dead,
Lord of all by His great Godhead."

Now, Lady Mary, we pray you say
(Sing all the world, and all the world)
Some gracious thing to your Son that day,
When we poor creatures pass away.

Yea, Lady Mary, Mother of God,
Save us from sin's rod!
Lady Mary, Mother of Grace,
Bend on us your sweet face!
O Lady Mary, bring us at length
By strength of Jesus to Jesus' strength!
Amen.

SELWYN IMAGE.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

IN the two volumes which he has lately published, Mr. Symonds brings his History of the Renaissance in Italy to an interesting, but a profoundly sad conclusion. He entitles these volumes *The Catholic Reaction*, and the argument by which he justifies his title is, that the stern and rigid dogmatism which was imposed on Italy by the Spaniards, destroyed the political and intellectual life of the country. A civil and ecclesiastical despotism was set up and, in consequence of its repressive action, Italy was ruined. The evidences of its ruin, in the sphere of art, are a painting tasteless, sickly and without life; and an artificial, diffuse, and florid literature. Science was stifled; and Architecture, the most faithful record of a nation's spirit, became wholly corrupted.

Mr. Symonds' facts are undeniable: from the middle of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, Italian thought was fettered; as far as the mental and political life of Europe is concerned, Italy was non-existent. The reason which Mr. Symonds assigns for this decadence is the true one: an ecclesiastical despotism destroyed the freedom, and therefore the creative genius, of Italy. But when Mr. Symonds entitles this despotism *The Catholic Reaction* he is, perhaps, though verbally right, yet in reality a little superficial.

Those who have studied Mediæval history carefully, and who, at the same time, have an intimate knowledge of Catholicism as it exists to-day, will appreciate the difference between the Latin Christianity

of the Mediæval ages, and the Romanised, clerical, and ever-narrowing Catholicism of the post-Tridentine centuries. This difference is enormous. Compared to the narrowness of the Church after the Reformation, the Mediæval Church must be considered broad and tolerant. The spirit of the Church in any given period may, perhaps, be most accurately tested by the aims, the discipline, and the tone of the Religious Orders, which in that period were favoured or founded; because the Religious Orders, naturally, reproduced the spirit which was dominant at the time of their foundation, or at the time of their greatest vigour. As evidence of this we may point to three Orders, which arose at long intervals, with widely different aims, and which, in the periods of their vigour, characteristically represent the most active Christianity of their time. These Orders are the Benedictine, the Franciscan, and the Jesuit. The difference between the last of these Orders and either of the previous ones expresses, very fairly, the difference between the Mediæval Latin Church, and the Roman Church after the Council of Trent.

It is neither fanciful nor arbitrary to designate the Mediæval Church as *Latin*, and the post-Tridentine Church as *Roman*. We may call the Mediæval Church *Latin*, not only because Latin was its common tongue, for it was the common tongue of all civilized life; but because the great Latin tradition, the theory of the Empire of Cæsar, was the basis on which both the Nations and the Churches of Mediæval Europe were built up and organized. As long as the Mediæval polity was sound and healthy, *Rome* meant not only the supremacy of Peter, but the sway of Cæsar also. And this was true, in theory, long after the Sovereign Pontiffs had encroached on the Imperial rights. In other words, Rome was not merely the embodiment of ecclesiastical unity, it meant, too, the continuity of secular

order and authority; and it was rather a federalising than a centralising influence. But after the reign of Charles V., when the Empire was no longer Holy, or Roman, or, in any true sense, an empire at all, Rome became a merely ecclesiastical expression; it represented a purely sacerdotal and centralising power. The source of this power, as far as Italy was concerned, was the rule of Spain; that is the rule and supremacy of the House of Austria: a supremacy and rule from which Italy only freed itself in our own days. It would be more true, therefore, if Mr. Symonds had styled his volumes The Catholic Transformation, rather than *The Catholic Reaction.* For the repression of Italy was caused, not by a return to Mediæval Latin Christianity, but by the evolution of our modern, or Roman, Catholicism. This evolution, if we may so describe it, was due, principally, to three causes. The violence of the so-called Reformers was undoubtedly one cause of it; this, both narrowed the borders of the Church and embittered its policy. The second cause was the growth of the secular spirit, and the transfer of civil administration from clerical persons to laymen; this tended to foster the growth of that exclusively sacerdotal activity which M. Gambetta has defined as *Clericalism.* The third cause we find paralleled in the history of the secular monarchies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The development of the Papal supremacy, of Papal absolutism, is coincident in time with the rise of the belief in the Right Divine of Kings, and with the growth of those un-Mediæval notions of monarchy, which were destroyed by the French Revolution. In Mediæval times the Bishops were state officials, they were palatines or peers with definite civil duties and responsibilities; neither Popes nor Kings were absolute; and national Churches had, both in spirit and in fact, a strong feeling of individuality. With the decline of Feudalism,

with the decay of Imperialism, and with the growth of centralising theories, all this passed away; instead of the federalised Churches of Latin Christianity, we find the centralising Papal Church; the episcopate had no scope for its activity except in clerical affairs; and an ever-widening gulf was fixed between sacerdotalism and science. These were the causes of the Catholic Transformation. Its effects culminated in the Syllabus, and in the assumption of personal infallibility by Pius IX. From the restoration of Clement VII., from the days of the Spanish despotism, and from those days only, we may date the preponderance of clericalism in Italy, and the permanence of the Papal rule in Rome. The heroes of this religious evolution, the instruments of the Catholic Transformation, the emissaries and supporters of the Papal rule were the Jesuits. I leave to the advocates of that rule the task of apologising for its results.

But passing from the main subject of Mr. Symonds' newest volumes, we can proceed to notice his work as a whole. He has conferred an inestimable boon on English lovers of art, by collecting for them such a mass of information about the Italian Renaissance. It is not for us, whose interest in his work is artistic rather than historical, to discuss Mr. Symonds as an historian; nor is it to our purpose to criticise him as a theologian or as a philosopher. As artists, indeed, we are tempted to criticise both the style of his writing, and the subordination and arrangement of his material. In style his work leaves very much to be desired. Mr. Symonds' style is far removed from the conciseness, the simplicity, the severe restraint which even an English prose classic should possess. And, as an historian, he is still farther removed from the minute accuracy, the calm impartiality of a Stubbs or a Gardiner; and from the due, and admirable, subordination of multitudinous details which is the

characteristic excellence of a Gibbon. Mr. Symonds' book is rather a storehouse of materials and authorities for some historian of the future, than a history which may be considered as classical or final; but the future historian of the Renaissance will owe Mr. Symonds an immense, an incalculable debt.

The history of the Renaissance is a long one, and it embraces so many subjects that we can only consider a few of them. I propose, therefore, to touch on those which, from an artistic point of view, are applicable to the circumstances of our own time.

The Renaissance is a perpetual witness to man's need for beauty, and of his unquenchable desire to possess it. "So immortal, so indestructible is the power of true beauty, of consummate form: it may be submerged, but the tradition of it survives: nations arise which know it not, which hardly believe in the report of it; but they, too, are haunted with an indefinable interest in its name, with an inexplicable curiosity as to its nature." The Renaissance is a witness to this yearning for beauty and perfection, which haunts and torments the finest human spirits; in its progress, in its triumphs, and in its failures, too, it bears witness, no less clearly, to the source from which true beauty, immortal and indestructible, is derived. As if to expose the fallacy of Mr. Bright's latest dictum, the Renaissance proves convincingly that civilized man has an instinct for form; it shows that our modern world, through its own unaided efforts, could not satisfy this instinct; and it proclaims that only through the Greek world, which Mr. Bright disdains, could man's craving for perfection be fully satisfied. Thus the Renaissance testifies to the inherent shortcomings of the modern world, and to the superiority, in all matters of artistic form, of the elder civilization.

In the next place the Renaissance shows how the models of that

more perfect civilization should be applied to our modern requirements. As the Renaissance was, in its beginning, a literary movement, the illustration of this may be taken most conveniently from literature. In the correspondence, which we all remember, about the Hundred Greatest Books, there was a letter and a list by Mr. William Morris. In his letter, Mr. Morris said that, of all things, he most disliked "a cold classicism." By a cold classicism I suppose he meant a frigid and pedantical adherence to Greek or Roman idioms, and forms of expression. In this, Mr. Morris was supremely right, nothing in literature is more offensive than these freezing artificialities. But so many people fail to distinguish between an artificial use of the classics, and a healthy use of them. An artificial use of them, I take to be the attempt to confine modern thought to the narrower sphere of ancient thought; and the endeavour to bind modern language, whether in verse or in prose, to the forms and idioms of Greek or Latin. These endeavours are always predestined to failure, they do not rival the true classics, and they ruin the modern writing in which such experiments are made.

By a healthy use of the classical writers, I mean an understanding of their abiding sense for style, of their clearness, simplicity, and directness, of their freedom from whims and crotchets; and, above all, an appreciation of their supremacy in the choice, the composition, and the arrangement of their materials. In this matter of "composition," English art, whether it be writing, painting, or sculpture, signally fails. In other words, the classics imperiously remind us of the necessity of form, if our work is to be, in the true sense of the term, artistic. If language is the material of our work, we should try to express our thought, not in a Greek or in a Roman mould, but as *clearly* as a Roman or a Greek would have expressed his; we should

aim at choosing and arranging our matter as they would have arranged and chosen theirs. This, I suppose, is a healthy use of the classics, and does not fall under Mr. Morris' condemnation. In the Renaissance we see that good work was done, as long as the classics were used healthily; but that very bad work was done, pedantic, artificial, frigid work, when the classics were used unnaturally: as they were used by the later Humanists.

The history of the Renaissance tells us many things which, in our present artistic and academical condition, we should think about seriously. It proves decisively that, in every sphere of art, good work must be individual and spontaneous work. The Renaissance was an individual movement; a scholar here, a painter or a builder there, felt the passion for perfection, and he groped his way towards the older world by which, his instinct told him, his longing would be satisfied. But he never let his models overpower his individuality, he was their scholar and not their slave.

In Painting, the Renaissance shows us that Academies are the ruin of art, but it does not thereby prove that annual exhibitions will be its salvation, or that absolute chaos and the absence of all teaching are desirable. It shows that the teaching we want is not the mechanical, impersonal teaching of an Academy, but the personal influence of masters. It proves that art is developed more healthily in many local centres than in one all-devouring, over-centralised metropolis. And it tells us, most distinctly of all, that Painting must not stand aloof, that it must not be haughtily disdainful of the other branches of art.

In Poetry, the Renaissance shows us, first, that an absolute deference to critics and a childish dependence on authorities are fatal; and, secondly, it proves that the limits of true art may very

easily be overpassed. The best writing is not necessarily the most elaborate and finished writing; poetry may be killed by the excess of its workmanship, just as it may be spoilt by the defects of it.

A great deal of our contemporary art, especially of our contemporary poetry, tempts one to suspect that the future may regard our time as a time of artistic decadence. If our poetry is finally judged to have failed, it will be for reasons similar to those which lead us to condemn a great deal of the poetry of the later Renaissance. Our poetry will fail through a bad choice of subjects, and through a florid and unrestrained treatment of them; it will fail because of the vagueness and obscurity of its thought, and through the still more obscure expression of it. All these defects are present, too, in a great deal of our contemporary prose. In poetry and prose alike, there is a want not only of directness and simplicity, but even a greater want of seriousness and virility. In these days of over-ornamented literature writers cannot repeat too often: *Le beau en tout est toujours sévère.* If it is true, as I said just now, that Architecture is the most faithful record of a nation's spirit, we may reasonably be alarmed about our century, when we consider the revelation of our spirit as the architects display it to us. Whatever may be the fate of the bulk of our poetry, of the larger proportion of our painting, the future must assuredly condemn our building; for that shows an entire absence of any art whatever.

A careful reader of Mr. Symonds' volumes cannot fail to notice the numerous resemblances between our time, and the closing years of the Renaissance. We find then, as we find now, a Painting ruined by academical methods; a Poetry flowery, diffuse, obscure in expression, tasteless in form, and trivial in spirit; an Architecture mean, ignoble, often of sham materials and of slovenly finish: an Architec-

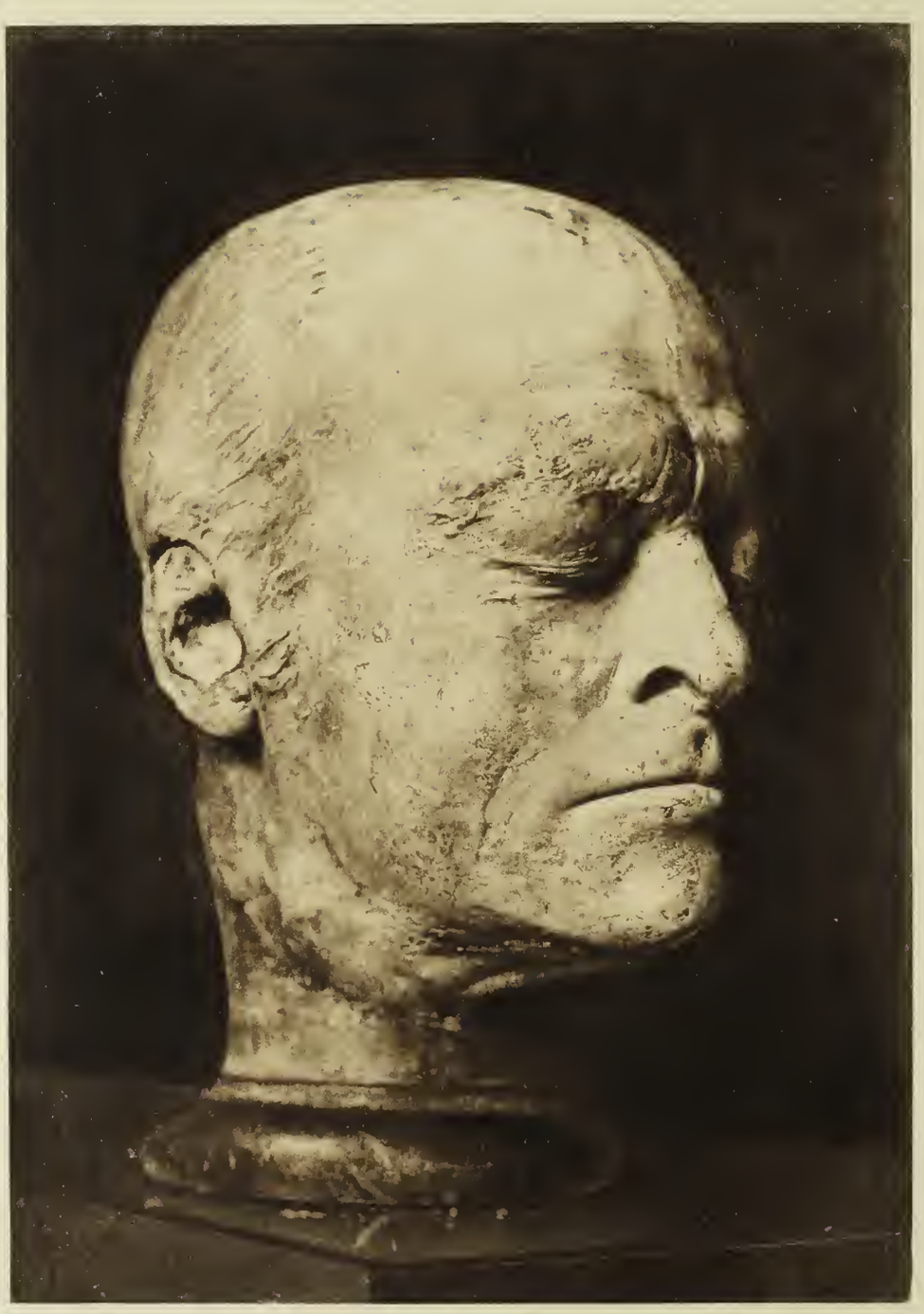
ture not of artists but of tradesmen. We find a great deal of frivolous talk about criticism, a great deal of fuss about literature, and a widely prevalent use of artistic and academic jargon. Of real care for art we find very little, and even less understanding of it. So far, then, for Mr. Symonds' work as it concerns ourselves.

As regards Italy, it is impossible to read these volumes without being filled with admiration for her genius, with gratitude for her immortal services to art, with pity for her unmerited and abounding sufferings, and with a lively belief in her immense future.

The story of the Italian Renaissance reminds us that not only individuals, but nations, have their times of strength and inspiration, as well as their times of desolation and sterility.

> *" We cannot kindle when we will*
> *The fire which in the heart resides ;*
> *The spirit bloweth and is still,*
> *In mystery our soul abides."*

ARTHUR GALTON.



THE LIFE MASK OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE LIFE MASK OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

WHOEVER has studied with somewhat more than usual attention the only two considerable portraits[1] of William Blake which his times have left us, I mean that painting of Philips and the miniature of Linnell, must have concluded with himself somewhat in this way, that, setting aside the variant manners of their painters, and the different ages at which they were done, if they are true records of the man, they are records of contrary moods, and that the facts of the face recorded in each are those only that express and insist upon their several tempers. Though we are justly careless of the aspect of most men, yet some we desire to know for a prohibition, others for an example. But of whom, seeing we are not so happy as to possess the Veronica, would we ask a likeness rather than of those priests of men on whom were laid the very hands of God, and whose lives are the seals of their ordination, of those to whom it is said, "Thy whole body is full of light?" For the light of the body is in the eye, and the face is, as it were, but the shadow of the mind.

And though at the first we may be repelled by his limitations, yet ultimately, I think, William Blake must be counted of the number of these silent priests; and of him then a true likeness will be asked. But it is hard to reconcile the only two portraits that we have of him.

[1] For I cannot account as considerable that little sketch of himself which you will find in Gilchrist's Life, nor that other sketch by his wife, drawn in profile and with his hair flaming, which it is now my fortune to possess.

We are in need of impartial witness to the truth of either, or, if it may be so, of both. Such witness, so far as it relates to the moods expressed in them, we already have in his writings and inventions and in the record of his life. But where shall we find such a witness to the truth of the facts of his face, of the outward "show of things?" Happily it is preserved to us in the Life Mask of which we are enabled, through the kindness of Mr. George Richmond, to give the accompanying photogravure. It was taken by Deville the Phrenologist when Blake was about fifty years of age. Much of the forced expression of the nostrils, and more particularly of the mouth, is due to the discomfiture which the taking of the cast involved; many of Blake's hairs adhering to the plaster until quite recently.

It is with such considerations as these, that I would have the student of Blake approach his Life Mask. I have purposely avoided going into the conclusions to which these considerations would lead; yet I will add one word more about portrait painting in general.

To paint a great portrait is not merely to select "the chief lines and master-strokes of a face." Portraiture is the criticism of painting. Not criticism as it is commonly understood, but rather a faint, though sweet and harmonious echo of that first and most merciful of acts, "Fiat lux." That opening page of the Jerusalem where the old man is taking a star, the sun of a planet like ours, but of greater magnitude and of a keener brightness, to search into the inscrutable caverns of the mind is a happy figure of it. More is required of the painter of a great portrait than the power to express himself with a brush and pigments on canvas. He must descend into the wells of the being of him whom he would deliver living to all time. He must make the master-strokes of his mind shine through the chief lines of his face, that thereby we may know him: for "he whose face gives no light shall never become a star."

HERBERT P. HORNE.

NOTES ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY

(*Continued*).

ANDREA DI CIONE [ORCAGNA].

1308—1368.

"CHRIST'S CORONATION OF HIS MOTHER."

Room XVII., No. 569.

"And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best in my passion to scale the sky."

BESIDES the more proper work of making fit and fair the material of life, the artist's labour is to dignify the expression of ideas by the choicest craftsmanship: to refine them of that earthy crust of the common place in which they lie embedded in the virgin soil of the mind. To free imagination from mean or coarsely figured thought, to furbish ideas of noble origin with eloquent effect and with sensuous form seized from the outside world, art labours and loves to labour sternly evermore. And having in some measure accomplished this, the ideal, made flesh to dwell among us, is at length matured, lives its hour, its ages, and passes away: the idea returning to the Eternal Being of thought about us, to re-appear later in the youth of some fairer mould. For the idea is eternal: the mould is of the hour. And if the art be imperfect, it is so only from the inadequacy of the clothing as we

might weave it in this our elder day. Interesting it does not cease to be, since its spiritual intention, which is its living force, is of the nature of things that know neither the failing of time nor the fortunes of skill. Age after age is impressed by the same motive; age after age gets some grip of it; age after age, "eager to do and die," attempts to give it shape and substance, only at last to give it up, and leave it at once a monument of its own heaven-sent desire, a motive of untaught desire for its sons. The open secrets of life, ever as open, ever as secret, suffer only some change in the intricacy of the pattern—here exceedingly simple, there wondrously subtle—that ornaments the veil now in part disclosing, now in part disguising them. And here it is exceedingly simple, because the painter has yet had but small practice with his material, understanding, as yet he does, only its most palpable powers, and by not so much as a dream anticipating its hidden possibilities. But these will disclose themselves as experiment widens the vision, and then the painter will be able to borrow more largely from the outside world. For the present, however, the Italian uses his tempera as habit has taught him to use his enamel or his mosaic. Light and shade, effects of atmosphere, mystery, tone and texture, his materials never before could shape to poetic ends, and little encouraged his mind to dwell on these ineffectual sources of imagery in nature. Consequently in his painting, colours are varied only by simple counter-change of tint, and figures are grouped but in the conventional way suggested by materials incapable of dealing with effects of distance; as in this group of saints, where the one most palpable fact in the aspect of any mass of men does service for all others.

From the point of view of the toy painter of to-day, this picture is most childishly simple, but from the point of view of the man of to-

day, the idea is as suggestive, as poetic, as full of interest and reality as to Orcagna half a millenium ago. Call the title what we will, its meaning and interest are the same for all time. "Eternity affirms the conception of the hour." For the sentiment which gave rise to this conception of the Coronation of Mary was not one singular in its attachment to the Mother of God. It is a choice symbol expressive of a general feeling towards all women; the poetic rendering of the recognition of woman's queenship over the empire of that vast world embraced by the word "Home," a world ruled not by force of law, but by the spirit of tenderness and sacrifice. Such chivalric feeling became the cradle of this home-hallowed conception, and the one must not be dissociated from the other. In the artist's mind, then, this is not so much the crowning of Heaven's Queen with the symbol of authority or with the sign of power, as it is the crowning of a Mother with the symbol of those spiritual qualities, by all men recognised as her heritage and her charge. And thus art crowns the idea for its world-wide hallowing.

From quite early days it has been usual to represent those to whom was attached any kind of superhuman or universal power, as crowned or diademed: and most frequently by the radiated form. The horns of Moses and of Pan, the radiated crown of Apollo, the crown of thorns put upon the brow of Christ [in mock of the power He claimed] and the star crown here given to Mary, are all similarly significant. If then the idea be not as true and as solemly suggestive to us here in London to-day as to those of Florence in Orcagna's age, surely the fault is with us, and not with the idea. For the message is missioned by the Genius of Life, though it come out with the fullness of human power that might adorn it to-day.

Moreover, the picture, notwithstanding its strange simplicity, is

powerful in the directness of its appeal to the deeper instincts of life, and as a work of art is a marvel of expressive detail. In the sensitive cast of the mother's countenance, and in the refined pose of her figure, there is a rare degree of eloquence, such as silently bespeaks a modesty which would shun, a humility which would disallow any sort of self-adornment. Her Lord, to whose will she submits herself, is no less monumental in dignity of combined power and tenderness. And in the celestial band below, in the maidens that play and sing at the mother's feet, despite their quaint little almond eyes, there is a naïveté of expression, a simplicity and animation unequalled at so early a date. In particular she who, singing behind the harpist, generously spends her soul in impassioned songs, while others, agreeable to nature's truth, are singing regardless of their song, interested only in what is around. Again, in that dual company of holy men and women sitting about the throne, reverence stills every feature, and a saintly singleness of purpose keeps each eye as they look in loving adoration on Him whose dying bought their souls' salvation, or as they lean towards Her whose human heart petitioned them to paradise. Grand, patriarchal, and modelled on large types are these saints, each individualized by the appropriate symbol of their life's action or agony—Agnes by her lamb, Lawrence by his grid, Peter by his key and church (the latter a model of San Piero Maggiore, in which the altar-piece stood).

This Orcagna was professedly an Architect; and the calm, the dignity, the monumental grandeur of this composition, designate a mind long practised in an art whose essential qualities are pronounced order and sternness of simplicity. To him belongs the key that opens the treasure-house of Titian and Velasquez; for through the stage of art that loves severe symmetry of form and heraldic

simplicity of colour, must each of us pass, to purchase our appreciation of the subtle play of varied tints, the music of disguised rhythm, and the lowered tones of masters matured in powers awakened by this early art.

But more than this, we have here no artist who in ignorance of its true aim, will isolate his art. Painting with him is the handmaid of Architecture, and is always subordinated to and stimulated by some function or material need of life. A fresco for a wall, a picture for a cabinet, or a piece for an altar he will paint, but Orcagna could as soon have hung a plate, as a picture on a wall, so jealous was he of the preservation of that relationship with surrounding conditions, which can alone make any art *one* with the place it pretends to decorate. For to lose sight of this proportion of things is to lose sight of that high function of art which makes it not a luxury, but a necessity of life.

The panels that form the predella of this altar-piece are hung about the room, and in them will be seen the same mastery of thought, the same vigour of handling, that characterize the Coronation.

But the distinctive quality of this work is its splendour. This blaze of joy is Orcagna's own—his whose genius discerned the meaning of material magnificence when allied to ennobling ideals. For to make art glorious, a thing whose one being shall be beauty, is the aim of Orcagna. To be prodigal in the splendour native to noble endeavour rather than to bargain with time for his seven days' wage of success, is the temper of an artist governed in his work by the propriety of insistance upon things moral to the subordination of skill spent in imitation of things material.

For this, his only satisfaction, did he spend himself in carving to lavish richness the shrine of Or San Michele; for this he threw up

those proud arches of the Loggia dei Lanzi; for this he set the jewelled mosaics on Orvieto's front, and here he catches even rarer hues to distinguish the enshrinement of this heart-sanctified ideal or ever it be lifted on the altar of his Mother Church. And in this splendour no one since has surpassed him, though we are yet but seventy years from Cimabue's triumph—the triumph of open-eyed tradition over tradition blindfold and brainless.

Be well assured it is this magnificence of intention in a mind ravished with reverence of a poetic ideal which creates that kind of beauty befitting those things to which man most needs his attention drawn for like reverence and respect. *Τὰ μὲν αἰσθητῶς ἱερατῶν νοητῶν ἀπεικονίσματα, και ἐπ' αὐτὰ χειραγωγία καὶ ὁδός.*

The thought that laid this lavishness of gold without stint upon the altar-piece is one with the thought that framed David's impatient remark to Nathan, "See, now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains."

What all priests and prophets have felt to be so reasonable, this artist strove to shadow forth in some sort and by such objective beauty to win the attention of all, that the alliance of art and religion might be as full of power to others as it proved of purpose to him—an alliance so inevitable that we may be assured each large idea will sooner or later come to be irradiated by art, and as completely compassed by beauty as the earth is irradiated by the sun, and her life compassed and controlled by the heavens.

A. H. Mackmurdo.

VERSES SUGGESTED BY OVID'S LINES:

"Tot tibi tamque dabit formosas Roma puellas;
Haec habet, ut dicas, quidquid in orbe fuit."
A. A. l. 55-6.

Had you but eyes, but eyes that move
Within the light and realm of love,
Then would you on the sudden meet
A Helen walking down the street.

Here in this London 'mid the stir,
The traffic and the burdened air,
Had you but eyes that knew their home,
Then this were Greece, or that were Rome.

The state of Dian is not gone,
The dawn she fled is yet the dawn;
Her crystal flesh the years renew
Despite her bodice, skirt and shoe.

Nor is she only to be seen
With Juno's height and Pallas' sheen;
The knit, all-wondrously-wrought form
Of Cytherea soft and warm

Yet, like her jewelled Hesperus,
Puts forth its light and shines on us,
Whene'er she sees and would control
Love at the windows of the soul.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

AN APPEAL.

AS our readers will see, from the circular which accompanies this notice, a duty has been laid upon the Century Guild. We need not say that it is a most welcome duty. It has been decided that a memorial shall be raised, somewhere in the Lake District, to the great writers who have made that district famous. Our magazine is the medium through which this good work is to be made public. The proposed memorial is to be no useless monument. It has been suggested that, for poets and men of letters, the most suitable memorial is a library, in which their works may be found, and their busts or their portraits seen. It is our privilege, not only by the magazine to advocate this scheme, but by our labour, to do what we can towards carrying it out practically.

In appealing to our readers, and to the public, for their interest, and their liberal support, we feel sure that our words will not fall upon unwilling ears. We are pleading not for one poet, but for several; and not even for poets only. The memorial is to commemorate all those, be they poets, philosophers, critics, historians, who have sojourned among the Lakes. We have only to name Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Dr. Arnold, to find an illustrious example in each class that we have enumerated. And besides these there are other writers, in their works less eminent, or in their lives less closely connected with the Lakes, but who, nevertheless, may be appropriately connected with the memorial.

The figure of Wordsworth is, of course, the central, the significant

figure which we connect with the Lakes; but it does not dim the glory of Wordsworth if his friends share this memorial with him. While it is salutary for us to be reminded, as this joint memorial will remind us, how many great writers, and how much good literature, England has received from writers who have lived in Cumberland and Westmorland.

It may be said that the poets need no memorial, that they live in the eternity of their fame. It is true that we can raise to them no adequate memorial. If the whole of the English-speaking race were federated into a single tax-paying community, the entire revenue of that community would not suffice to raise an adequate memorial to one immortal poet :—

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona.

A true poet gives his people more than they can ever return to him ; because the poet gives them the priceless gifts of joy, of charm :—

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine,
Love is the fountain of charm.
Charm is the poet's alone.

An adequate memorial we can never raise, but that is no reason why we should not try to raise a suitable one. And this form of memorial, we think, is eminently suitable.

To all those, then, who have felt the charm of Wordsworth, we appeal ; that through their help others may have both the means and the incitement to feel it too. We cannot repay the joy, the charm, which the poets have conferred on us; but we can help to spread that joy. A memorial which tends to do that is, if not an adequate, yet a suitable memorial; and those who aid in its erection are assuredly working humbly and gratefully with the poets.

THE CENTURY GUILD.

THE MEMORIAL TO THE MEN OF LETTERS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

IT has long been wished that the great men of letters who are connected with the English Lakes should be worthily commemorated by some memorial to them in their own district. This wish was expressed at the final meeting of the Wordsworth Society, which was held on the 7th of June, 1886. It was then pointed out that in such a memorial three things, specially, were desirable :—

I. That it should commemorate the illustrious dead in a suitable and practical way.

II. That it should benefit those among whom it is placed.

III. That it should be interesting, attractive, and stimulating to those visitors to the district who care for its great men.

To secure these ends it was suggested that, perhaps, the most suitable Memorial would be a Library and Reading Room; in which the works and lives of these men of letters might be collected, their busts and pictures set up, and literary, personal, or other interesting relics of them be preserved.

The Society was in favour of this scheme, and, that the subject might be more carefully considered, a second meeting was called together, at Burlington House, on Nov. 24th. These ideas were laid before it, and were approved. It was also announced to the

meeting that the Century Guild of Artists, which is interested in all literary matters, and which is able to help the matter professionally and practically (as it is, now, aiding a Chatterton Memorial, at Bristol), had offered the advocacy of its Magazine to the originators of the scheme. In addition to this, the architectural directors of the Guild promised to submit plans for the approval of the future working Committee, and to give their services, gratuitously, to carry out all architectural work which the Committee may resolve to undertake.

This offer was accepted by the meeting, and the scope and purpose of the Memorial will be set forth in the Christmas number of the Guild Magazine.

The meeting also appointed a General Committee, in order that the scheme might be more publicly and satisfactorily organized. In the coming Spring this Committee will assemble a meeting in London, which it hopes may authoritatively represent all those who are interested in the poets and the great men connected with the Lakes.

The scheme will be fully explained to this meeting; and a working Committee will be appointed to carry it out, and to settle all the further questions which are connected with the erection of the Memorial.

Those who are to be more specially commemorated by this Memorial building, are Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey; but one obvious advantage of this form of Memorial is that all the illustrious and famous writers who are connected with the Lake country may be, at the same time, honoured and kept in memory.

To enumerate all these is unnecessary; but there is one name associated with the Lakes which cannot be omitted: it is the venerated name of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and of Fox How.

The Memorial is, in fact, so planned that it will remind Englishmen how much their literature owes to the influence of the Lakes, by commemorating all those writers who have been fascinated and inspired by that influence. The Committee therefore hope that they may be enabled to plan a Memorial which may be worthy of being considered a national recognition of the greatness of those in whose honour the Memorial is erected.

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The Bishop of Derry.
The Bishop of Bedford.
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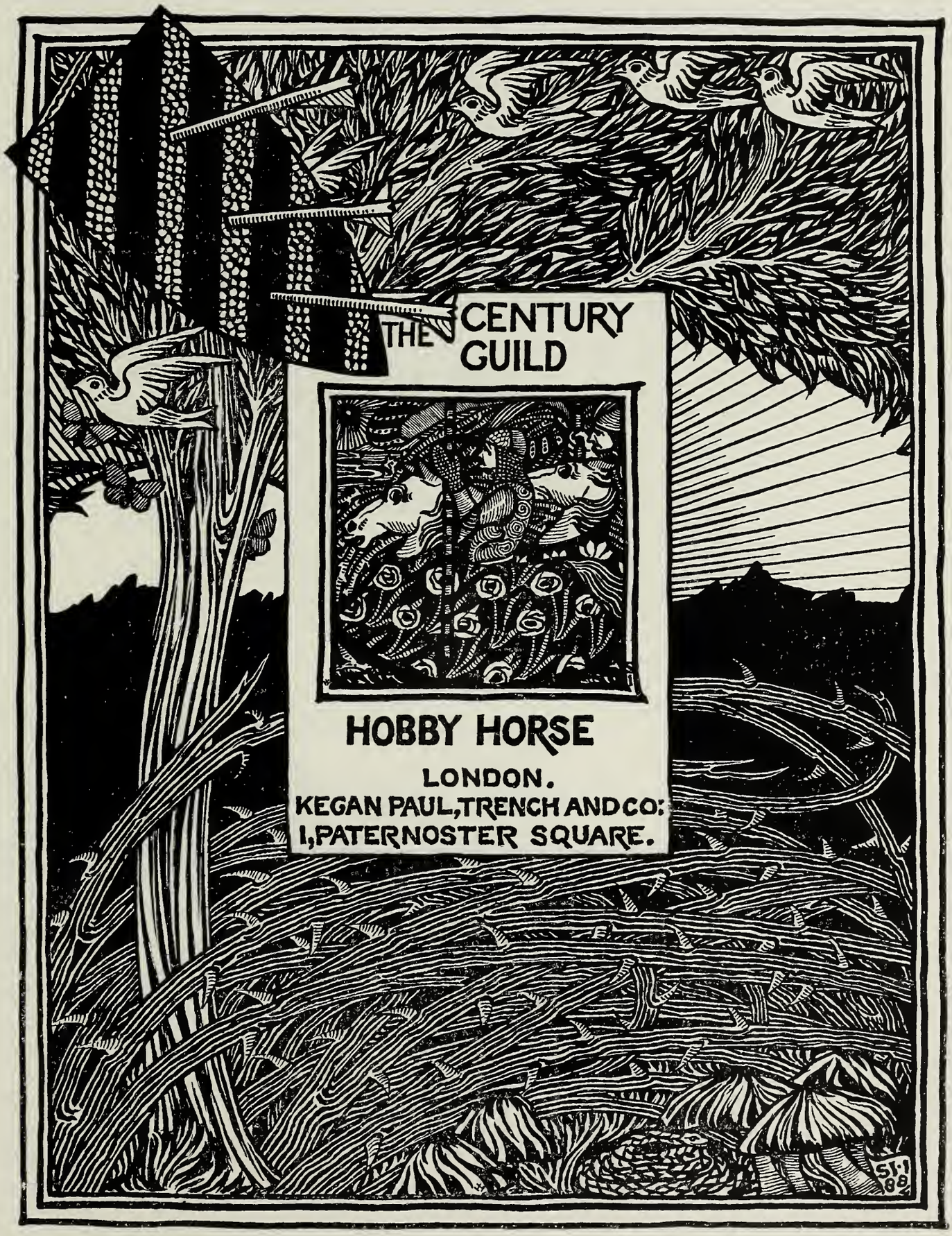

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